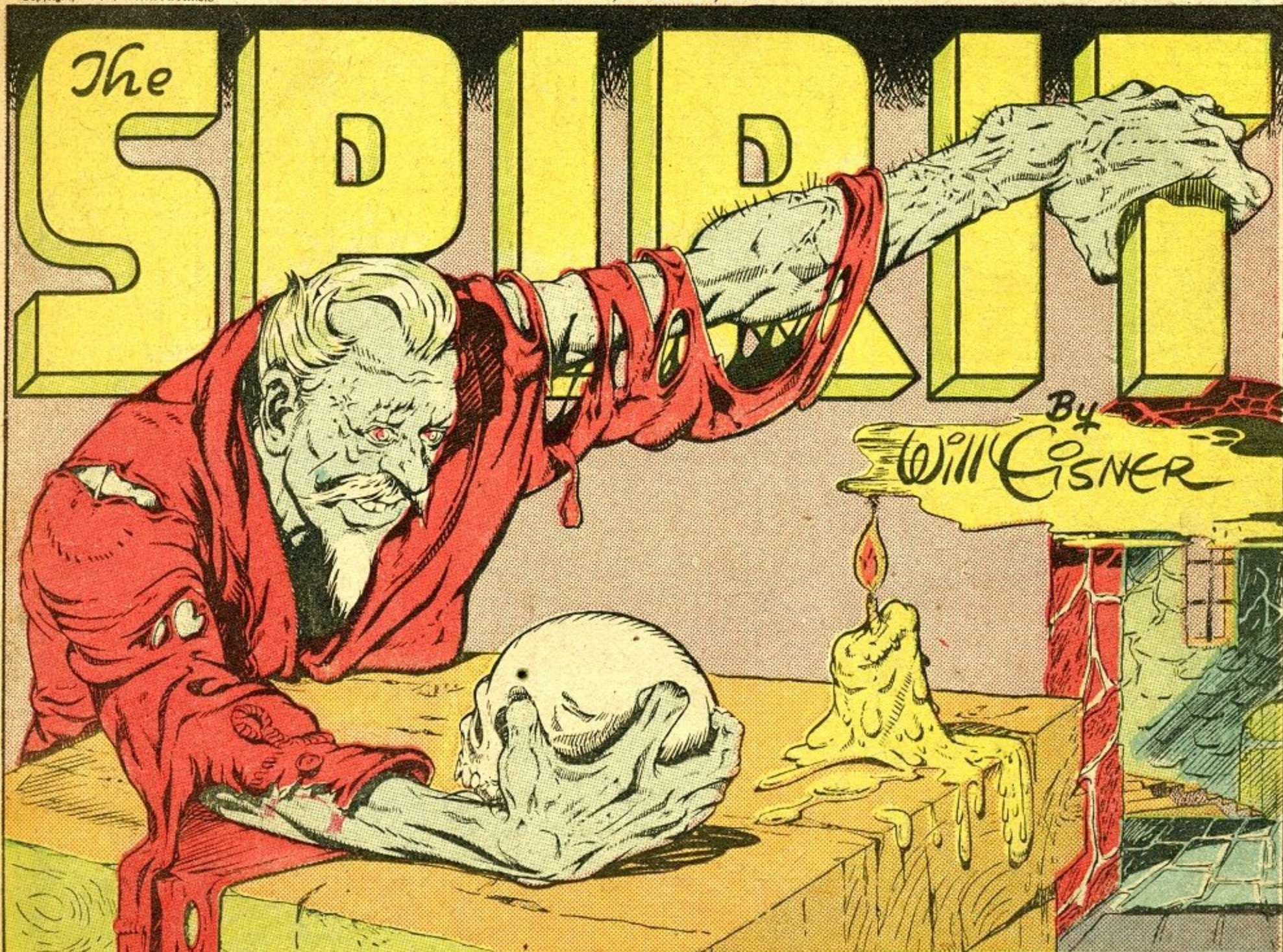


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SUNDAY, JULY 14, 1940



By  
Will Eisner

ONE NIGHT, A GLOVED HAND  
SOFTLY OPENS THE WINDOW  
OF THE COMMISSIONER'S  
PRIVATE OFFICE.

AND THE TALL, ATHLETIC  
FIGURE OF **THE SPIRIT**  
CALMLY STEPS INTO  
THE HALF LIGHT.

KNOWN ONLY TO  
COMMISSIONER DOLAN,  
**THE SPIRIT**, IN REALITY  
DENNY COLT, WHO ONCE WAS  
ERRONEOUSLY BURIED IN WILD-  
WOOD CEMETERY, NOW USES HIS  
TOMB AS A HEADQUARTERS FOR  
HIS ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST  
CRIME AND CRIMINALS EVEN  
BEYOND THE LONG ARM OF  
THE LAW.. THEREFORE  
IT IS HARDLY SURPRIS-  
ING THAT DOLAN  
DOES NOT START,  
WHEN...



GOOD  
EVENING,  
DOLAN.

AND TO WHAT  
DO I OWE  
THIS VISIT??

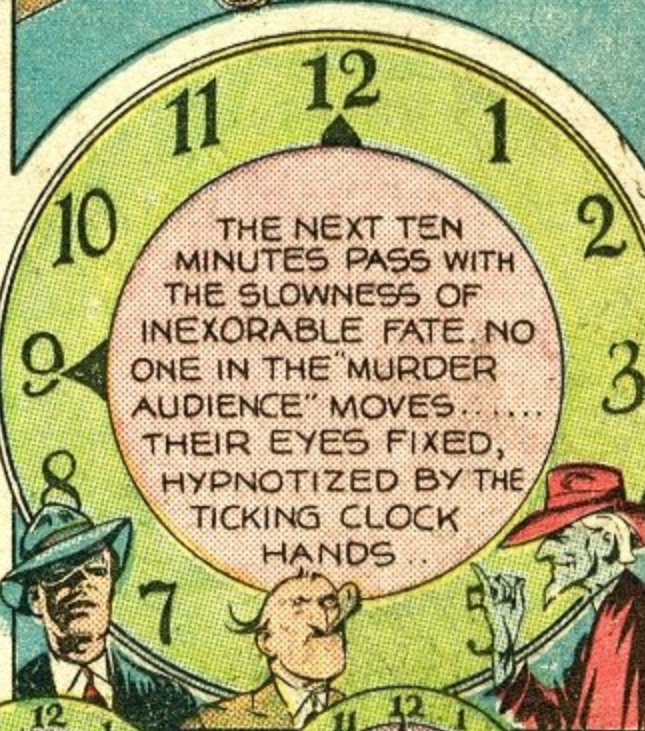




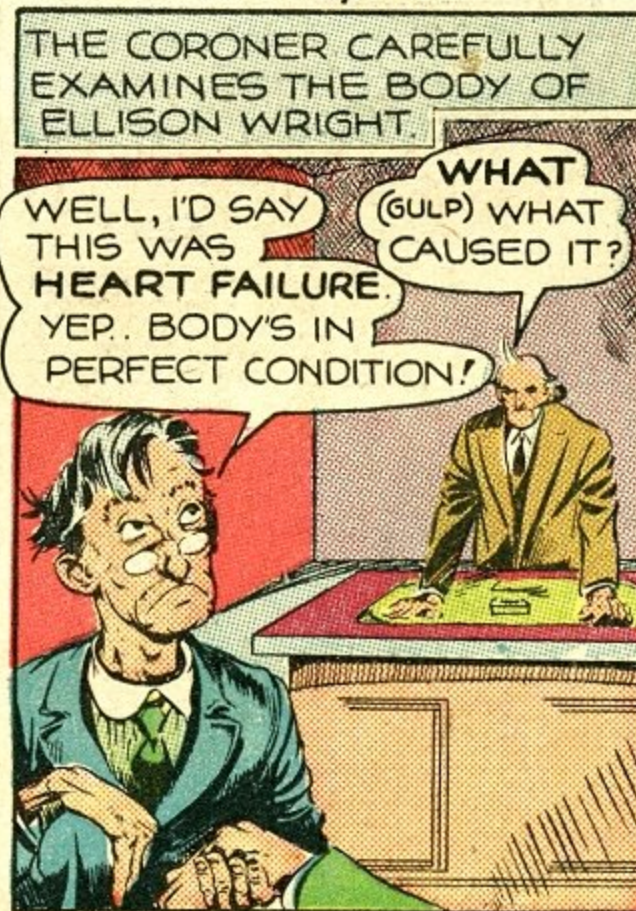


WEB COMIC  
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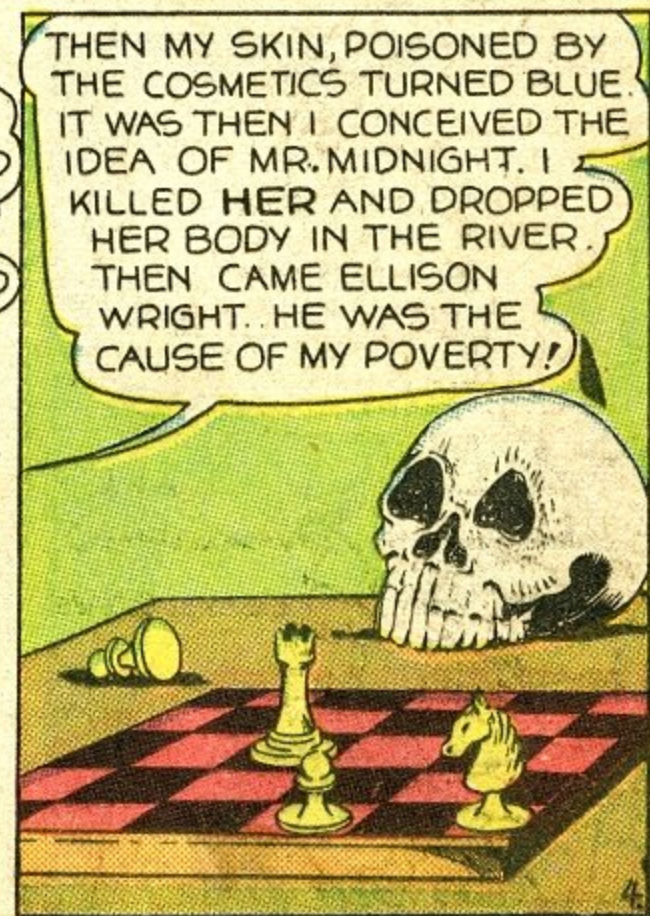
WITH THE DRAMA OF A RISING "LAST ACT" CURTAIN, DAWN PAINTS HESITATING STREAKS ACROSS THE NIGHT SKY, AS THE MOON RELUCTANTLY SEEKS REFUGE UNDER THE RETREATING NIGHT. ROARING UP THE NEGLECTED DRIVEWAY TO AN ANCIENT MANSION, MR MIDNIGHT'S CAR COMES TO A SCREECHING HALT BEFORE THE PORCH.



UP DARK, WINDING STAIRS TO A HALF LIT STUDY.



EASY, MR. JOHN CALIBAN, ALIAS MR MIDNIGHT! EASY! AFTER I DISCOVERED THE TINY SCRATCH THAT DIDN'T BLEED.. MUD ON YOUR SHOES.. YOU SAID YOU CAME FROM THE COUNTRY AND I FOLLOWED YOU IN MY AUTOPLANE. GETTING IN WAS SIMPLE.. YOU'VE NO SERVANTS.







HORRIBLE, MIDNIGHT, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT AN ORDINARY KILLER! I'M TAKING YOU IN.

YORICK, DO YOU HEAR HIM? I'VE PLAYED EVERY ROLE, BUT NOW I PLAY MR. MIDNIGHT TO THE END!



MR. MIDNIGHT'S FACE SETS IN HATE

AFTER ALL, I REALLY HAVEN'T COMMITTED A PERFECT CRIME IF YOU ARE ALIVE TO BEAR WITNESS.



THEN I'M TO GATHER, YOU WISH TO KILL ME, TOO?

YOU ARE QUICK TO GET THE IDEA.



NO MOVE!

YOU FORGET MY ONLY SERVANT BEPPO!

HA HA HA! AND THAT'S THAT!



AND YOU FORGET MY JIU JITSU, PAL!

OFF BALANCE, THE SPIRIT IS EASY PREY TO A HARD UPPERCUT..



WE'LL SET FIRE TO THIS PLACE, BEPPO. HA-HAAA!



LAST ACT.. HA! MR. MIDNIGHT DEFEATS JUSTICE AND THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN IN A BLAZE OF GLORY...

THE SPIRIT!

YES, AND I'M CALLING FOR AN ENCORE!



FOR A LITTLE GUY,  
YOU SURE CAN  
SCRAP!



THE SPIRIT'S BACK IS TURNED.  
MR MIDNIGHT IS QUICK TO SEIZE  
THE OPPORTUNITY. HE HURLS  
"YORICK" WITH TELLING EFFECT

NOW WE'LL  
FIRE THE  
REST OF  
THE  
HOUSE!



LEAVING THE UNCONSCIOUS  
SPIRIT, THE TWO HURRY  
THROUGH THE CORRIDORS



HURRY, BEPPO!  
HURRY! THE  
ROOF!

FLAMING DEBRIS SHOWERS  
FROM ABOVE. AN INSTANT  
LATER THE ROOF COLLAPSES.



POOR  
BEPPO...  
HE WAS TOO  
SLOW!

YAAAAA

BACK SOMEWHERE IN  
THE FLAMES, THE SPIRIT  
RECOVERS HIS SENSES.



I'VE GOT TO  
CAPTURE HIM. HE'S  
GONE MURDER-  
MAD! I MUST.

WHEW! THAT  
WAS CLOSE!



CRASH!



GOOD GOSH!  
HE'S GOING  
BACK INTO  
THE FLAMES!  
ONLY ONE  
CHANCE!  
I CAN MAKE  
A LONG ROPE  
OF THESE  
CURTAINS!

HA HA! COULD  
IT BE I'M GOING  
MAD? THE  
FLAMES! THEY  
FASCINATE ME!



HERE  
GOES!

LIKE A BLAZING COMET, THE  
SPIRIT, HIS CLOTHES AFLAME,  
HURTLES DOWNWARD WITH  
INCREDIBLE SPEED.



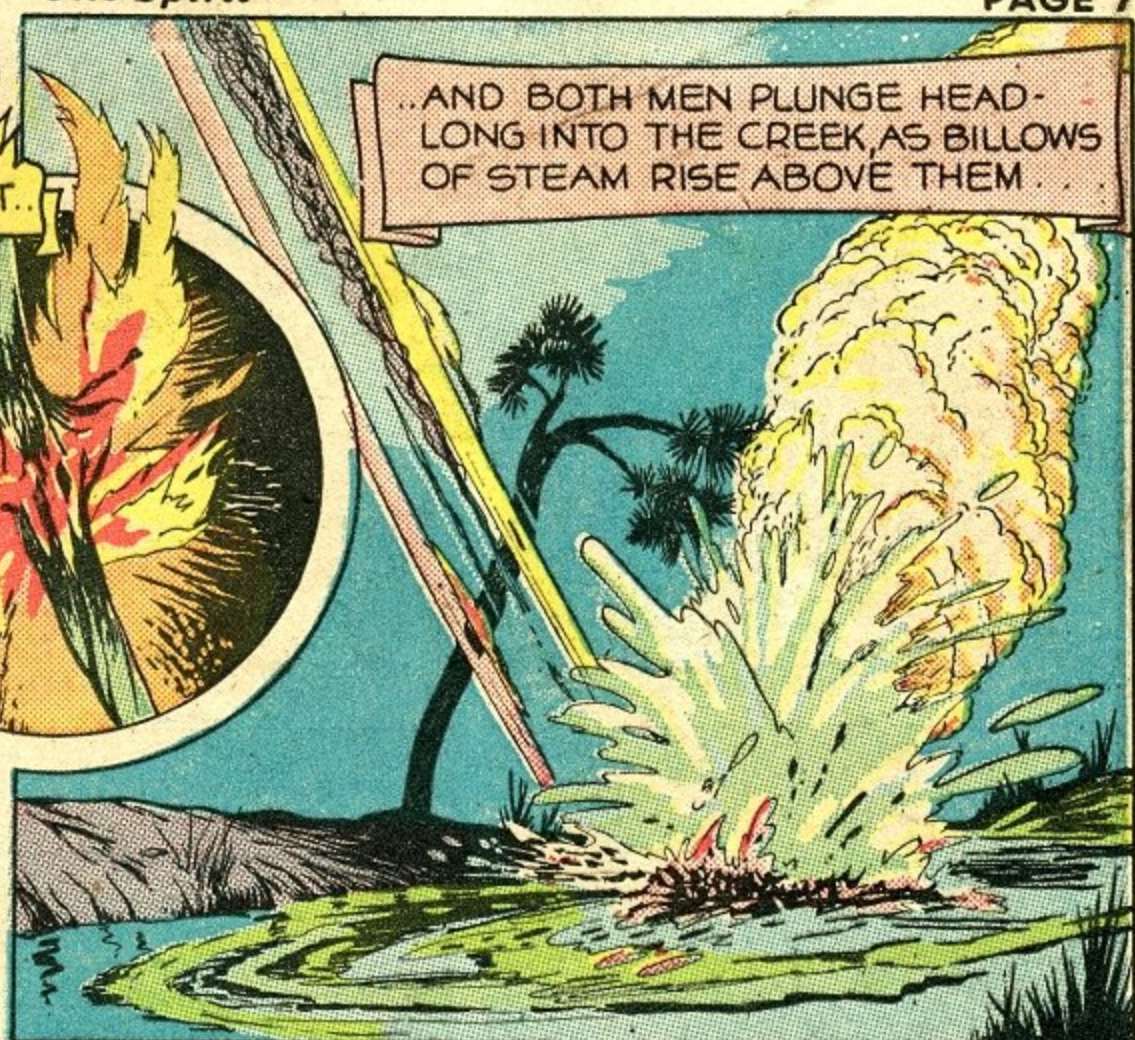




COME BACK HERE!

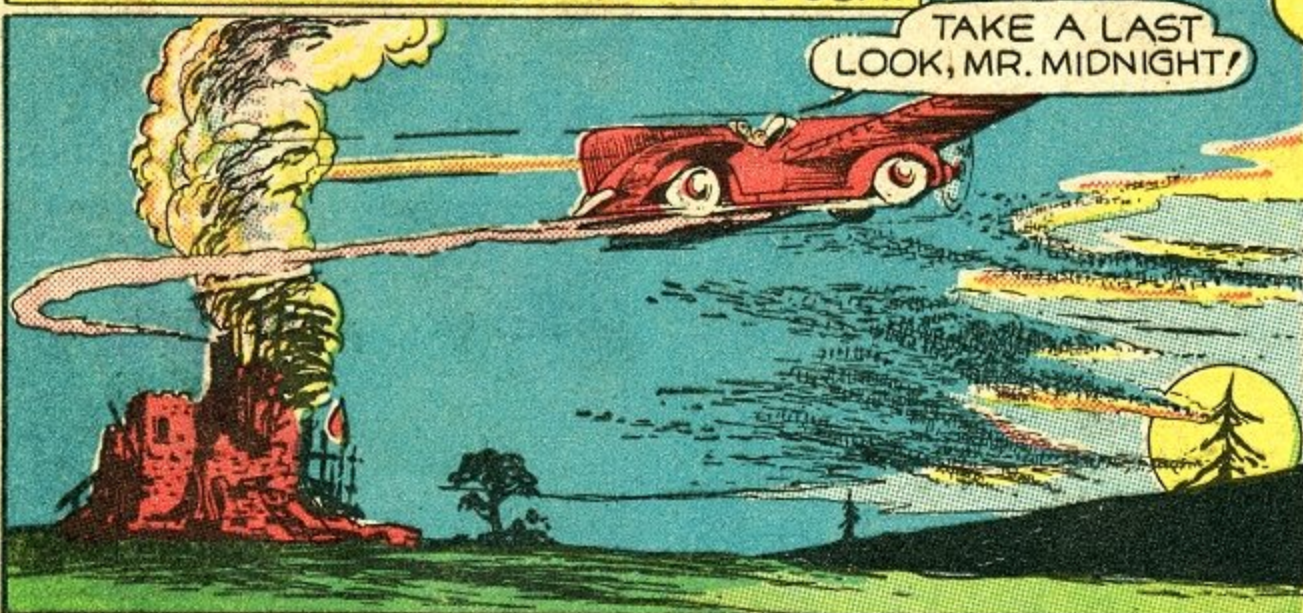


BUT...



AND BOTH MEN PLUNGE HEAD-  
LONG INTO THE CREEK, AS BILLOWS  
OF STEAM RISE ABOVE THEM.

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE SPIRIT CIRCLES HIS AUTO-  
PLANE ONCE OVER THE SMOULDERING RUINS. AND  
THEN HEADS EAST INTO THE RISING SUN.



TAKE A LAST  
LOOK, MR. MIDNIGHT!

AT  
HEADQUARTERS  
ONCE MORE...

SO THAT'S  
WHY HE KEPT  
SHARPENING  
HIS NAILS!

YES, HIS NAILS  
WERE COATED  
WITH A POWERFUL  
POISON INDUCING  
HEART FAILURE. HE  
MERELY SCRATCHED  
ELLISON WHEN HE  
HANDED HIM THE  
PEN. THE POISON  
ACTS IN FIVE  
MINUTES!



YOU ARE VERY  
CLEVER, SPIRIT, BUT  
THE LAST SCENE  
IS MINE!



MR. MIDNIGHT DIGS  
A GASH IN HIS  
ARM WITH HIS  
POISONED FINGER  
NAIL.

STOP! HEY!  
HE'S KILLED  
HIMSELF WITH  
HIS OWN  
DEVICE!



EXIT, MR.  
MIDNIGHT.  
ENTER JUSTICE  
TRIUMPHANT  
AS THE CURTAIN  
FALLS ON THE  
LAST ACT OF  
MURDER!



WELL, I'LL BE!  
THE CLOCK  
HAS STOPPED  
EXACTLY AT  
TWELVE!





# LADY LUCK

By FORD DAVIS

ANOTHER DEB MAKES THE FRONT PAGES... NOT JUST BECAUSE SHE HIT A NEW HIGH IN GLAMOUR...



BICKFORD BANKS, HER DIS-TRAUGHT FATHER, CONFERS WITH CHIEF HARDY MOORE...



BREND A BANKS IS THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF LADY LUCK... SO THAT'S WHO SHE IS!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE, CHIEF!



SO, THE LADY'S IN A JAM... IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO GET HER OUT OF IT!



MEANWHILE, BREND A BANKS HAS CLEVERLY EXTRICATED HERSELF FROM HER KIDNAP-ERS' BINDINGS...



NOW, I MUSTN'T CHEAT THE POLICE OUT OF THE GLORY OF RESCUING ME!



SHE REACHES HER HOME IN WHITEMARSH...



WHY, MISS BREND A! YOU IS BACK! YOU IS SAFE?!



NOT MISS BREND A, CLARISSA, LADY LUCK!





IN THE GARAGE, SHE TUNES IN ON THE POLICE CALLS ON SHORT WAVE....

HARDY MOORE REPORTING... NO SUCCESS... DRIVING ALONG MILL ROAD..

SO, THE CHIEF'S ON THE JOB! THAT'S A COMFORT!

I'LL TAKE THE SHORT CUT DOWN THE BRIDAL PATH!

LADY LUCK GALLOPS OUT TO MEET THE CHIEF....









WITH THE CROOKS SAFELY TIED UP IN THE CAR, HARDY AND FEENY RETURN TO THE HOUSE...



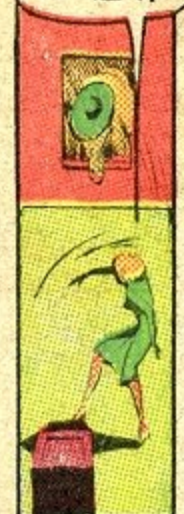
BUT THE LADY SLIPS QUICKLY AROUND A DARK CORNER AND IS LOST TO SIGHT....



SLIPPING THROUGH A PANEL, SHE REMOVES HER HAT AND CLOAK.



GO ON HOME, BABY!



SWIFTLY SHE GAGS HERSELF AND SLIPS INTO HER BINDINGS AGAIN....



AT LAST HARDY AND FEENY O'MYE GROPE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE ROOM....

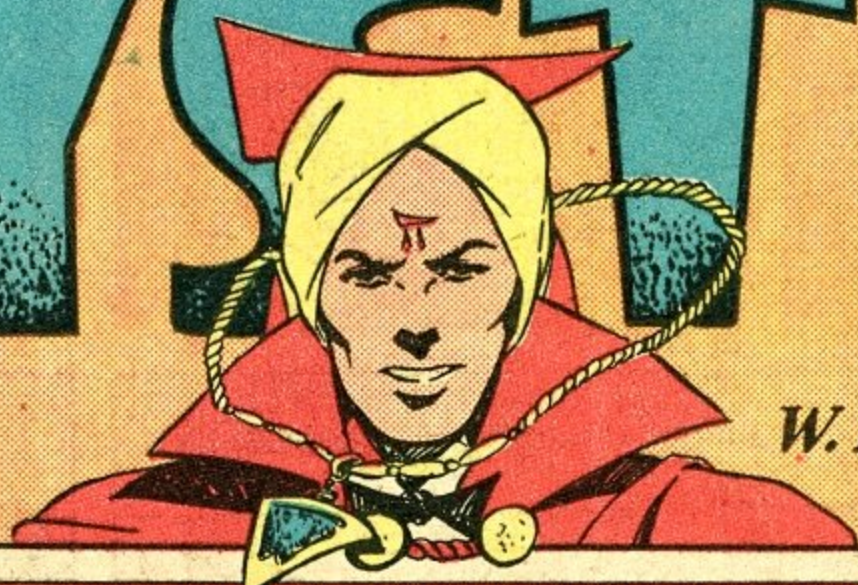


SUDDENLY THE BEAM OF FEENY'S FLASHLIGHT FALLS ON THEM...





# MR. MYSTIC



by  
**W. MORGAN THOMAS**

ENDOWED WITH VAST SUPERNATURAL POWERS, MR. MYSTIC STEADILY CARRIES ON HIS WAR AGAINST EVIL... GOVERNED BY A MYSTERIOUS COUNCIL OF SEVEN LAMAS, HE RECEIVES AN ORDER BY TELEPATHY TO GO TO AFRICA.

IN ONE OF THE MANY SMALL SIDEWALK CAFES IN DAKAR, MR. MYSTIC ENJOYS A COCKTAIL WITH A FRIEND.



LOOK! THERE'S THE ROLLINS' SAFARI... I HEAR THEY'RE TAKING ALMOST A MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD TO STANLEYVILLE!



THEY. OH, DEAR! HOW CLUMSY OF ME TO SPILL THE SALT! W-WHA!!  
MR. MYSTIC, LOOK! LOOK!



THE AMULET OF RA, WHOSE WEARER SHALL HAVE ETERNAL LIFE AND WHO SHALL BE INVULNERABLE TO ALL BODILY HARM!



I MUST GO AT ONCE! PLEASE EXCUSE ME, AND THANK YOU FOR A LOVELY AFTERNOON



WELL, OF ALL THINGS! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR HAVING A DATE WITH A MAGICIAN!



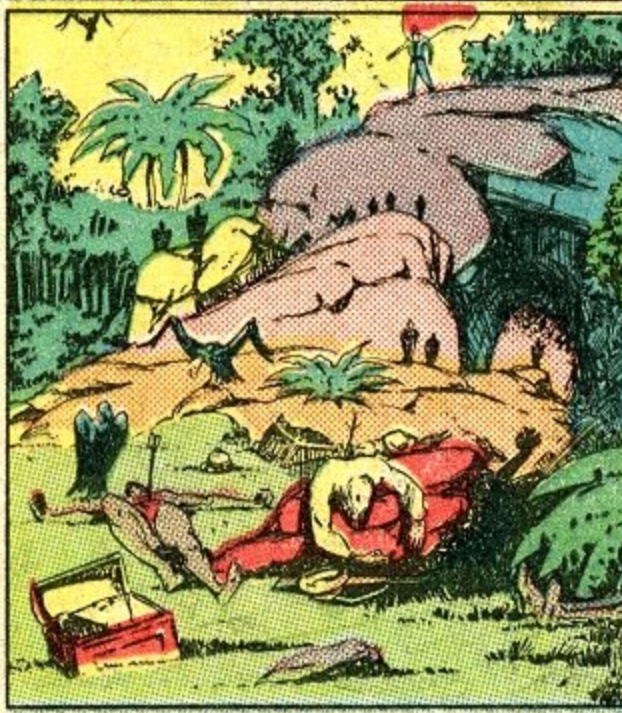
The Amulet of Ra held by queen is causing terror. Destroy them both!!



ALONE, MR MYSTIC SETS OUT FOR THE VILLAGE OF THE FABLED TWO HUNDRED YEAR OLD QUEEN RANA.



SPOTTING A HUGE FLOCK OF VULTURES, MR MYSTIC INVESTIGATES AND FINDS THE REMAINS OF AN AMBUSHED SAFARI.



THE ROLLINS' EXPEDITION! GOOD GOSH! THERE'S NOT A SOUL LEFT ALIVE! THE GOLD SHIPMENT IS GONE, TOO!



B-BWANA! WE ATTACKED BY QUEEN RANA'S WARRIORS! THEY TAKE GOLD!



SHE B-BAD. OOOOH! POOR CHAP, HE'S GONE!



SO THE QUEEN IS UP TO HER OLD TRICKS OF STEALING GOLD! I'VE GOT TO STOP HER ONCE AND FOR ALL!



MEANWHILE...

LOOK, OH QUEEN! WE BRING GOLD!



YOU HAVE DONE WELL, M'GANGA, BUT I STILL AM NOT SATISFIED!



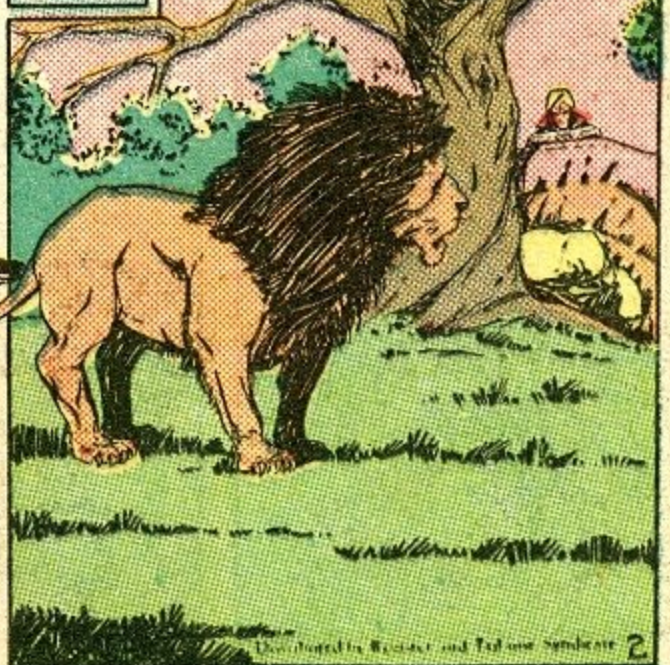
FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS, I'VE THIRSTED FOR A HUGE ROCK OF GOLD. I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR IT, ANYTHING!



PUT THIS AWAY WITH THE REST! I SHALL COUNT IT LATER!



UNOBSERVED BY THE OTHERS, MR MYSTIC'S SCENT REACHES THE SENSITIVE NOSTRILS OF RANA'S GIANT PET LION.





WHEELING ABOUT, HE CHARGES FOR MR. MYSTIC'S HIDING PLACE.



IN ONE GIANT BOUND, HE LEAPS OVER THE CONCEALING FOLIAGE. IN A FLASH, MR. MYSTIC CHANGES INTO A SMALL ROCK.



SUDDENLY, MUCH TO THE LION'S AMAZEMENT, THE ROCK JUMPS AWAY.



WARY AND SUSPICIOUS, THE LION EDGES UP TO IT AND EYES IT CAUTIOUSLY.



LASHING OUT WITH A PAW, HE TOUCHES THE STONE WHICH IMMEDIATELY SHOOTS INTO THE AIR.



AND CRASHES DOWN ON THE BEAST'S HEAD, KNOCKING HIM OUT.



QUICKLY ROLLING UP HILL, THE BOULDER CROSSES THE VILLAGE GREEN AND BOUNCES TO A STOP AT THE QUEEN'S FEET.



AM I DREAMING? I CAN'T EVEN BELIEVE WHAT I HAVE SEEN! THE STONE IS BEWITCHED!



THE STONE IS NOT A STONE, BUT YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT, MR. MYSTIC!





YOU DARE  
TO MAKE A  
FOOL OF  
ME?! YOU  
FORGET  
I AM RANA  
INVINCIBLE  
AND  
ETERNAL!

SEIZE HIM! MY  
WARRIORS, HE  
IS NAUGHT  
BUT A FAKIR!



AS THE MEN LUNGE FORWARD, MR MYSTIC VANISHES  
IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE, AND IN HIS PLACE ARISES  
A HIDEOUS MONSTER BREATHING TONGUES OF FLAME.



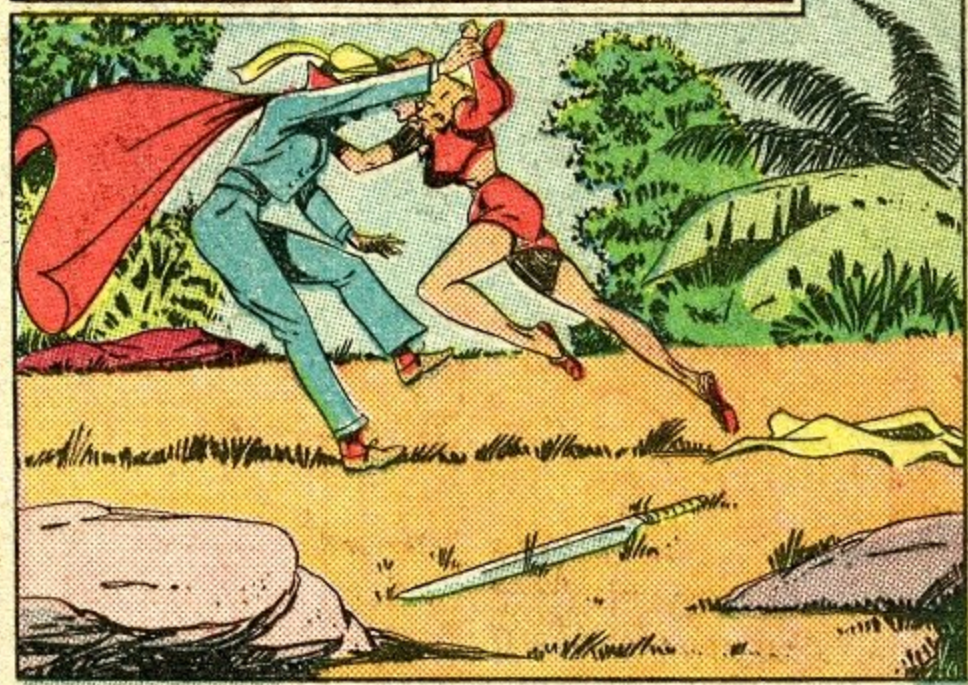
HA! HA! LOOK AT  
THEM RUN!  
HYPNOTISM IS A  
HANDY WEAPON!



YOUR TRICKS MAY SCARE MY  
MEN, BUT THEY HAVE NO  
EFFECT ON ME! I WILL KILL  
YOU!



KNOWING SHE CAN'T BE HARMED BECAUSE OF  
THE AMULET OF RA HANGING ABOUT HER NECK,  
THE GIRL RUSHES FORWARD AND KNOCKS THE  
SURPRISED MAGICIAN OFF HIS FEET.



BEFORE HE CAN REGAIN HIS  
FEET, RANA GRABS UP A  
FALLEN MACHETE.



AS SHE RUSHES AT HIM,  
MR. MYSTIC GESTURES, BUT  
NOTHING  
HAPPENS.



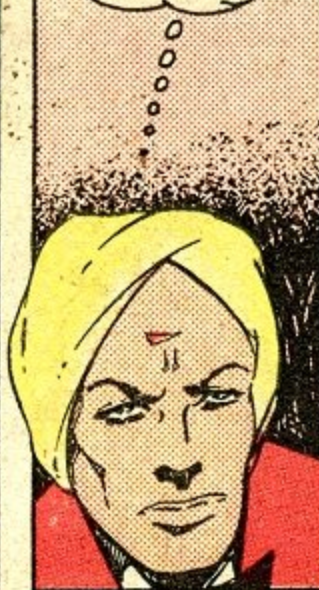
JUST IN TIME, HE ROLLS AWAY  
FROM THE QUEEN'S VICIOUS SWIPE  
THAT SNAPS THE BLADE IN TWO  
AND CUTS HIS CAPE IN HALF.







THE AMULET MAKES MY MAGIC USELESS ON HER. I MUST TRY SOMETHING ELSE!



GESTURING TOWARD A PILE OF DIRTY ROCKS, MR MYSTIC TRANSFORMS THEM INTO A BOULDER OF



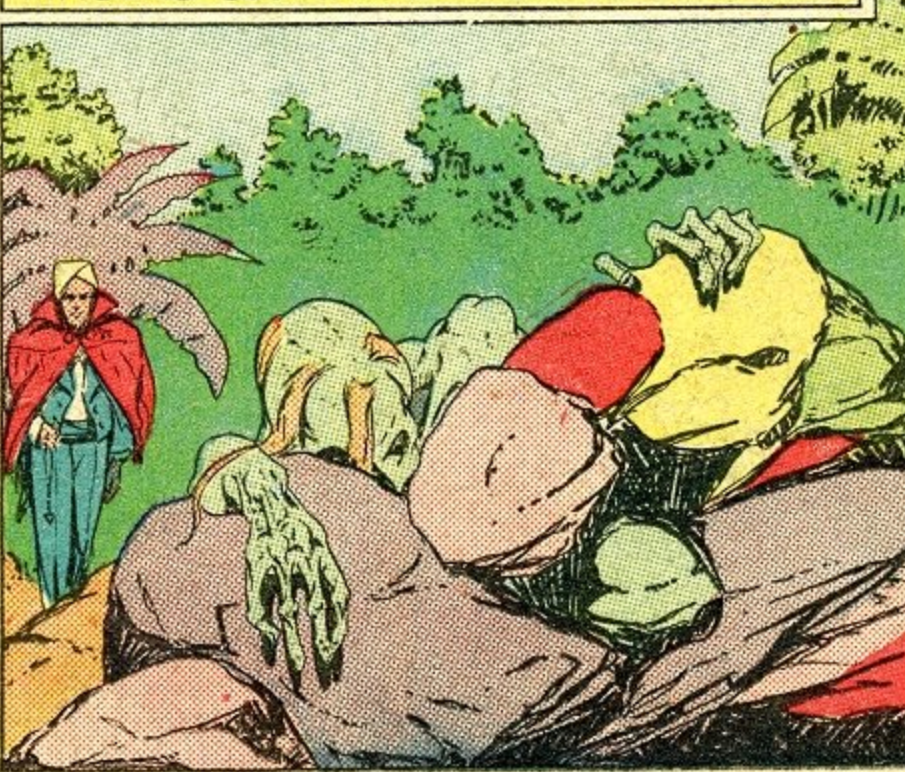
A BOULDER OF GOLD! MY ONE AMBITION FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS!!



TRUE TO HIS PROMISE, MR MYSTIC DOES NOTHING TO RANA BUT DEATH, WAITING FOR HER TO REMOVE THE AMULET, GLEEFULLY TOUCHES HER WITH A COLD FINGER.



IN A FLASH SHE FALLS, HER BODY WITHERED TO A SKELETON, BONY FINGERS CLUTCHING THE PILE OF ROCKS.



SHE FORGOT HER AGE AND THE FACT THAT THE AMULET ALONE KEPT HER ALIVE... WELL, HER LUST FOR GOLD KILLED HER... AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

